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NO MARTYRDOM FOR ATTORNEY

Attorney Correa, of Hilo, who some time ago openly flouted the fruit fly quarantine on Hawaii, will not be prosecuted under the present charges, at least. Acting Attorney General A. G. Smith this morning sent word to County Attorney Beers, ordering him to withdraw his petition for a writ of error in the case, informing him that the rule which Correa is accused of violating was reported a month before the alleged violation occurred.

The rule Correa was accused of infringing was Section 4 of Rule 14, passed by the Board of Agriculture and made law by receiving the Governor's signature. But another rule, adopted later, took the place of section 4, thus in effect serving as a repeal, and for that reason Correa will not be prosecuted as originally intended.

The case may not be pushed at all. This does not mean, however, says the acting attorney general, that people may proceed to violate the quarantine with impunity, and that others caught carrying fruit from the prohibited districts into infected sections will be vigorously dealt with, under the newer regulations of the board.

MUTTERINGS OF MUTINY

(Continued from Page 1)

Your correspondent is informed by Capt. Cochran that what we saw yesterday was a marine mirage. That was after he had taken the governor's place in the crow's nest and had shouted down that he smelled Bird Island. A furious row ensued, the governor asserting that what the captain smelled was the crow's nest and the latter retorting he had been known to detect the island by its odor long before it hove in sight.

Finally, just as George Willett, the policeman-ornithologist from Los Angeles, had been called up on deck to decide the matter as expert authority, Commodore G. R. Salisbury shouted:

"The sun is over the foreyard!" Just what this sailing phrase means your correspondent is at a loss to understand. I looked at the sun and it seemed to me to be almost at the zenith and not over any forward part of the ship at all. When I looked around again I saw the entire company rushing pell-mell downstairs, and on inquiring from Judge Lindsay, who was in the rear, I was informed that they were going to "box the compass."

Here again your humble correspondent must plead woeful ignorance. Locked out, but lingering near by, I pondered deeply as I heard the mysterious sounds wafted out from time to time. Is this "boxing the compass" an athletic exercise, a millionaire's pastime, or a game of authors? I have heard of rich spendthrifts buying gold watches and then going out and throwing them against brick walls to hear them smash, but I never heard of mariners carrying a stock of compasses to sea merely for the purpose of breaking them up in the privacy of their cabins.

Yet I distinctly heard at frequent intervals the musical tinkle of glass and an occasional small crash, followed by an order from some member of the party to the cabin boy to "bring another." My bewilderment was still further increased when I heard a voice that I positively would swear was Lindsay's, repeat:

"Here's to the happiest hours of my life."

"Spent in the arms of another man's wife."

"My mother."

When the two territorial officials emerged an hour later, wiping their foreheads, and your correspondent timidly ventured another query, Lindsay replied non-committally:

"Tis a brave night, the night!"

There was a steely glitter in the governor's eye that hinted he would brook no interference, so he was not questioned concerning the phenomenon.

The afternoon was uneventful, all hands remaining in their bunks. After dinner last evening, however, the company again engaged in this mysterious game of "boxing the compass," and your correspondent retired early to rest his shattered nerves and ponder the subject.

It must have been some time after eight bells that I was awakened by a commotion outside. I listened a moment. The boat was riding easily. It couldn't be that we were in danger. Then I distinctly heard a cry of distress, right outside my door. Some one, running rapidly down the deck, was shrieking:

"For Heaven's sake, somebody save me! Take it off!"

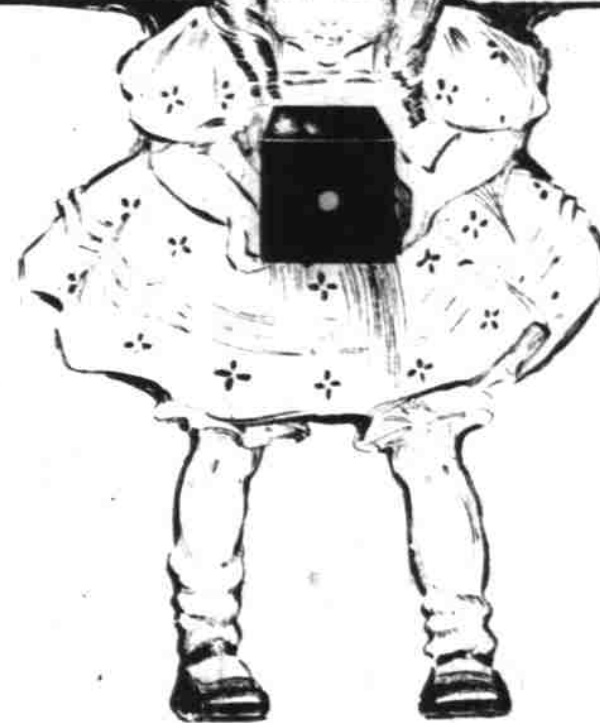
I jumped up and rushed outside instantly, to collide with a big black form that knocked me back breathless against the door of my cabin, then hurtled on toward the shouting fugitive. When I had finally gathered myself together and reached the stern I found the crew gathered around Judge Lindsay. They were splashing water in his face.

When he finally came to, he was too weak to talk, and the members of the crew professed deep ignorance of the whole affair. I didn't sleep the rest of the night, but the thing, made plain by the Judge himself this morning, is simple enough.

Getting hungry in the middle of the night he had ventured into the kitchen hoping to steal a light lunch. In the dark he had encountered the big, black, burly form, evidently on the same errand bent, and was chased into the open. This fearsome thing, in the broad light of day, proved to be only Brutus, the Thetis mascot, the big black bear brought down from Alaska some months ago, and who frequently breaks loose at night and goes on foraging expeditions to the ship's larder.

Capt. Cochran says we will do well

BROWNIE



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For Christmas

| | | | |
|---------------|-----------|----------------------|-------------|
| No. 1 Brownie | - - - \$1 | No. 2 Folding Pocket | \$ 5 |
| No. 2 | " - - - 2 | No. 2A | " 7 |
| No. 2A | " - - - 3 | No. 3 | " Brownie 9 |
| No. 3 | " - - - 4 | No. 3A | " 10 |


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if we reach Laysan tomorrow. I think there is some kind of a gentleman's disagreement between the captain and the governor, for the captain repeats that opinion entirely too frequently, and every time he says it the governor scowls blackly. I pray we reach land of some kind soon, or there may be mutiny aboard.

President Taft will start on December 19 for Panama on the Arkansas. Mrs. Taft and several friends will accompany him.

Secretary of the Interior Fisher has requested an appropriation of \$288,405 from congress for the National parks of California. An Illinois man belongs to 44 different lodges. We wonder if he is—or was—married.



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